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## A GIFT OF ROSES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST  
BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

The flowers you gave me yesternight,  
Those roses of crimson and fairy white,  
As they pour perfume on the morning breeze,  
They whisper to me of a heart at ease.  
Oh, beautiful roses—  
Hasten to twice  
Your tranquil life  
In this soul of mine.

Those roses in white and crimson sheen,  
Encircled by leaves of golden green,  
Have been kissed by the lips of angels  
bright,  
As they whispered their love in the soft  
moonlight.  
The subtle tints of  
Their leaves disclose  
The blushes that on  
My love's cheeks repose.

No ruby's flash nor diamond's glare  
Can with the sweet breath of these buds  
compare;  
Nor delicate pearls from the foaming sea,  
With the gift that my darling brought for  
me.

May your life, sweet girl,  
Be as free from care  
As the rose that so near  
To my heart I wear.

## BESSY RANE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,  
AUTHOR OF "KATE LYNN," "GEORGE  
CANTERBURY'S WILL," &c.

### PART THE SECOND.

#### CHAPTER XXIX. IN THE CHURCHYARD.

Nothing of late years had affected Mr. North so much as the death of Bessy Rane. The calamity of his son Edmund's death, encompassed though it was by the doubt and trouble connected with the anonymous letter, did not touch him as this did. Perhaps he had been unconscious until now how very dear Bessy was to his heart.

"Why should Bessy have died?" he asked over and over again in his deep distress, the tears rolling down his cheeks. "She was not starved; she had plenty of stamina to meet it. They had been calling it a famine fever, some of them, but why should a famine fever attack her? I knew she was exposed to danger, her husband coming home continually from his fever patients; but if she did take it, why should she not have got over it? Others get over it, many of them, most of them; who have not half the strength or the good constitution that Bessy had. And why, why did she die so soon?" No one could answer him. Not even Dr. Rane. Fever was capricious; attacking badly or lightly at its will, the latter said. And death was capricious, he added in a lower tone, often rearing upon those whom we most care to save.

Dallory in general echoed Mr. North's sentiments. The death of Mrs. Rane—or Bessy North, as many had always continued to call her—was the greatest shock that had fallen on them since the outbreak of the fever. Mrs. Gass, braving infection—but, like Jelly, she did not fear it—went down to Dr. Rane's house on the Monday morning, to express her sympathy, and relieve herself of some of her surprise. She felt much grieved, she was truly shocked; Bessy had always been a favorite of hers; it seemed impossible to realize the fact that she was dead. Her mental arguments ran very much as did Mr. North's spoken ones—Why should Bessy, well-fed, well-nourished, have died, when so many half-starved ones recovered? But the point that pressed most forcibly on Mrs. Gass was the quickness of the death. None had died so soon after seizure as Bessy; or anything like so soon: it seemed unaccountable that she should not have battled longer for life.

Phillis received Mrs. Gass in the darkened drawing-room; her master was out. Dr. Rane could not stay indoors to indulge his grief and play propriety, as most men can; danger and death were abroad, and the physician had to go forth and try to avert both from others, in accordance with his duty to heaven and to man. That he felt his loss keenly, people saw: there was no outward demonstration of it, neither sighs nor tears; but he seemed like a man upon whom some heavy weight had fallen; his manner preoccupied, his bearing almost unnaturally still and calm. Phillis and Mrs. Gass were talking; and, if truth must be told, crying together, when the doctor came in. Phillis, standing by the centre table, had been giving the particulars of the death, so far as she knew them, just as she had given them to Jelly the morning after. Mrs. Gass, seated in the green velvet chair, had untied the strings of her black bonnet—for she had not come down in satins and birds-of-paradise to-day, but in respectful black—and was wiping her eyes with her broad-hemmed handkerchief while she listened.

The old servant retired at the entrance of her master. He took a seat, and prepared to go through the interview with equanimity, though he heartily wished Mrs. Gass anywhere else. His house was desolate; in-

The above engraving is founded on an old legend which says that in order to propitiate the gods, the Druids, in the hour of their country's peril, laid hold of and would have offered as a sacrifice the maiden daughter of the King. But the Roman soldiers arrived just in time to rescue the maiden from her impending fate.



THE DRUIDS' LAST SACRIFICE.

fect also: he thought that visitors, for their own sake and his, had better keep away. They had not met since the death; and Mrs. Gass, though the least exacting woman in the world, took it a little unkindly that he had not been in, knowing he passed her house several times in the day.

In a subdued tone, in accordance with the closed blinds and perhaps with his own heart, Oliver Rane gave to Mrs. Gass a summary of Bessy's illness and death. He had done all he could to keep her in life, he said; all he could. Seeley had come over to see her once or twice, and knew that nothing more had remained in his power.

"But, doctor, I heard say that on the Friday you told people she was getting better and the danger was over," urged Mrs. Gass, with a sob.

"And I thought it was so," he answered. "What I took to be sleepiness from the exhaustion left by the fever, and what Seeley took to be sleepiness—fatigued nature taking rest to renovate itself—must have been the exhaustion of approaching death. We are deceived thus sometimes."

"But, doctor, she never had but a day's fever. Was that enough to kill her from exhaustion?"

"She had a day and a night. But consider how strong the fever was: I never before saw anything like it. We must not always estimate the duration of a fever, Mrs. Gass, in regard to the effect on the patient, so much as its power. I'm sure the shock and surprise to me—speaking only as shock and surprise—were worse than they could have been to any one else."

Yes, Mrs. Gass believed that, and warmly sympathized with him. She then expressed a wish to see the coffin. "Would it be well for her to go up?" he asked. "On dear yes," Mrs. Gass answered, "she was not afraid of anything; and the doctor took her up without further hesitation. There was not much danger now, if any, he observed, as he pulled aside the sheet—which still hung there, saturated—for her to enter the gray room. He had fumigated the place well."

Every thing was completed. Hepburn's men had been to and fro, and all was finished. The outer coffin was covered with black cloth, bearing the inscription on the lid. Mrs. Gass's eyes fairly gushed out tears as she read it.

#### "BESSY RANE." AGED 31.

"But you have never put the date of the death, doctor?" cried Mrs. Gass, the omission striking her.

"No? True. That's Thomas Hepburn's fault: I left it to him. The man is half-crazed just now, what with grief for his brother and fear for himself. It will be put on the grave."

From Dr. Rane's Mrs. Gass went to Dal-

lory Hall, knowing Madam was absent. Otherwise she'd not have ventured there. And never was guest more welcome to its master. Poor Mr. North spoke out to her all his grief for Bessy, weeping bitterly.

But, of all the people who felt this death, none were affected by it like Jelly. She could not rest; day and night wild thoughts tormented her. That idea, at first picked up, kept floating through her head, and sometimes she could not get it out for hours, that Mrs. Rane had been shut into her coffin alive; that what she saw was herself, and not her spirit—and this, in spite of the discrepancy as to time and possibility. But Jelly knew that this could not be; and her imagination would go out to another wild improbability, though she did not dare to follow it—that the poor lady had not died a natural death. One night there came a surging into Jelly's brain the suppositious case put by Timothy Wilks—that some men might be found who would put their wives out of the way for the sake of getting the Tontine money. Jelly tossed from side to side in her uneasy bed, and stared at the candle—for she no longer cared to sleep in the dark—and tried to get rid of the wicked notion. But she never got rid of it again; and when she rose in the morning, pale, and trembling, and weary, she believed that the dread mystery had solved itself to her, and would be found in this.

What ought she to do? Going about that day like one in a dream, moping here, halting there, the question perpetually presented itself. Jelly was at her wife's end with indecision; one time (chiefly at night) she'd resolve to tell of the apparition, and of her suspicion of Dr. Rane; by day she would fling the ideas from her, and call herself a fool for yielding to them. Dinah could not make out what ailed her, she was so strange and dull, but privately supposed it might be the state of Mr. Timothy Wilks. For that gentleman was confined to his bed with some attack connected with the liver.

The day of the funeral drew on. Wednesday. It had been a little retarded to allow of the return for it of Richard North. News had been received of him the morning after Bessy's death. It may readily be imagined what Richard's consternation and grief must have been to hear of his sister's death; whom he so recently left well, and happy, and as likely to live as he was.

The funeral was fixed for twelve o'clock. Richard only arrived the same morning at ten. He had been delayed twelve hours by the state of the sea, the Ostend boat not putting out. One cannot control wind and weather; and sometimes they act for us—as we think—in a spirit of contrariety. Jelly, in the feeling of superstition that lay upon her, thought the elements had been conspiring to keep Richard North back from following one to the grave who had not been sent to it by Heaven.

Long before twelve o'clock struck, groups had formed about the churchyard. The men, out on strike, and their wives were there in force; partly because it was a break to their monotonous idleness, partly out of respect to their many-years master. The whole neighborhood sincerely regretted Bessy Rane; she had never made an enemy in her life.

In the church people of the better class assembled fast, all wearing mourning. Mrs. Gass was in her pew, in an upright bonnet and crape flows. Seeing Jelly come in, looking very woe-begone, she hospitably opened the pew door to her. And this was close upon the entrance of the funeral.

The first to make his appearance was Thomas Hepburn in his official capacity; quite as woe-begone as Jelly and more sickly. The rest followed. The coffin, which Mrs. Gass had seen the other day, and touched, was placed on its stand; for the first time words of this world. Dr. Rane, as white as a sheet; and Mr. North, leaning on his son Richard's arm, comprised the followers. No strangers were invited; Dr. Rane thought, considering what Bessy had died of, they might not care to attend. People wondered whether Captain Bohun had been hidden to it. If so, no certainly had not come.

It seemed but a few minutes, before they were moving out of the church again. The grave had been dug in the churchyard corner, near to Edmund North's; and he, as may be remembered, lay next his mother. Mrs. Gass and Jelly took their seats on a remote bench, equally removed from the ceremony and the crowd. The latter stood at a respectful distance, not caring, from various considerations, to go too near. Not a word had the two women as yet spoken to each other. The bench they sat on was low, and over-shadowed by the trees that bordered the narrow walk. Not ten people in the churchyard were aware that anybody sat there. Jelly was the first to break the silence.

"How white he looks,"  
It was rather abrupt; as Mrs. Gass thought. They could see the clergyman in his surplice through the intervening trees, and the others standing bare-headed around him.

"Do you mean the doctor, Jelly?"  
"Yes," said Jelly laconically, "I mean him."

"And enough to make him, poor bereft man, when the one nearest and dearest to him is suddenly cut off by fever," gravely rejoined Mrs. Gass. "In the midst of life we are in death."

Now, or never. Sitting there alone with Mrs. Gass, surrounded by these solemn influences, Jelly thought the hour and the opportunity had come. Bear with the secret much longer, she could not; it would wear her to a skeleton, dry up her tongue, worry

her into the fever perhaps; and she had said to herself several times that Mrs. Gass, with her plain common sense, would be the best person to tell it to. Yes, she mentally repeated, now or never.

"Was it the fever that cut her off?" began Jelly significantly.  
"Was it the fever that cut her off?" echoed Mrs. Gass. "What dy's mean, Jelly?"

Jelly turned her face to the speaker, and plunged into her tale. Beginning, first of all, with the apparition she had certainly seen, and how it was—the staying late at Kestlar's, and Dinah's having left the blind undrawn—that she had come to see it. There she paused.

"Why, what on earth dy's mean?" sharply demanded Mrs. Gass. "Saw Mrs. Rane's ghost? Don't be an idiot, girl."

"Yes, I saw it," repeated Jelly, with quiet emphasis. "Saw it as sure as I see them standing there now to bury her. There could be no mistake. I never saw her plainer in life. It was at one o'clock in the morning, I say, Mrs. Gass; and she was screwed down at twelve; an hour before it."

"Had you took a drop too much beer?" asked Mrs. Gass, after a pause, staring at Jelly to make sure the question would not apply to the present time. But the face that met hers was strangely earnest; too much so even to resent the insinuation.

"It was her ghost, poor thing; and I'm afraid it'll walk till Justice lays it. I never know but one ghost walk in all my life, Mrs. Gass; and he had been murdered."

Mrs. Gass made no rejoinder. She was taken up with looking at Jelly. Jelly went on.

"It's said there's many that walk: the world's full of such tales; but I never knew but that one. When people are put to an untimely end, and buried away out of sight, and their secret with 'em, it stands to reason that they can't rest quiet in their graves. She won't."

Mrs. Gass put her hand with a slap on the black shawl that covered Jelly's arm, and kept it there.

"Tell me why you be saying this."  
"It's what I want to do. If I don't tell it somewhere I shall soon be in the grave myself. Fancy! me living at the very next door, and nobody in the house just now but Dinah!"

Jelly spoke out all: that she believed Dr. Rane might have "put his wife out of the way." Mrs. Gass was horrified. Not at the charge; she didn't believe a word; but at Jelly's presuming to fancy it. She gave Jelly a serious reprimand.

"It was him that wrote that anonymous letter, you know," whispered Jelly.

"Hush! Hold your tongue, girl. I've warned you before to let that alone."

"And I'm willing."  
"This is downright wicked of you, Jelly. Dr. Rane loved his wife. What motive do you suppose he could have had for killing her?"

"To get the tontine money," replied Jelly, in a whisper.

The two women gazed at each other; gaze meeting gaze. And then Mrs. Gass grew on a sudden whiter than Dr. Rane, and began to shiver as though some strange chill had struck her.

#### CHAPTER XXX. JELLY'S TROUBLES.

With the same rapidity, to outward appearance, that the sickness had come on, so did it subside in Dallory. Mrs. Rane's was the last serious case; the last death; the very few attacks afterwards were of the mildest description; and within a fortnight of the time that ill-fated lady was laid in the ground, people were fumigating their houses and throwing their rooms open to the renewed healthy air.

The inhabitants in general, rallying their depressed courage, thought the sooner they forgot the episode the better. Save perhaps by the inmates of those houses from which some one had been taken, they did soon forget it. It was surprising—now that magnifying fear was at an end and matters could be summed up dispassionately—how few the gaps were. With the exception of Henry Hepburn, the undertaker, and Mrs. Rane, they lay entirely amidst the poor working people out on strike; and, of those, principally amidst the children. Mrs. Gass told men to their faces, that the fever had come of nothing but famine and deprivation, and that they had only themselves to thank for it. She was in the habit, as the reader knows, of dealing out to them some home truths; but she had dealt out something else during the sickness—and that was, good nourishing food. She continued to do so still to those whose frames had been weakened by it; but she gave them due warning that it was only temporary help, which they'd never have received from her but for the fever. And so the visitation grew into a thing of the past, and Dallory was itself again.

One, there was, however, who could not forget; with whom that unhappy past, or rather a calamity left by it, was present night and day, Jelly. That Dr. Rane had in some way wittily caused the death of his wife, Jelly was as sure of as though she had seen it done. Her suspicion pointed to land-anum; or to some preparation of the kind. Suspicion? Nay, with her it was certainty. In that last day of Bessy Rane's life, when she was described as sleeping, sleeping, always sleeping; when her sole cry had been,

"I am easy, only let me sleep," Jelly now felt that Dr. Rane knew she had been quietly sleeping away to death. Indolently as though it had been written on her forehead, she lay there, her eyes closed, her hands crossed, and her feet tucked under her. There could be no doubt but that she was dead. The difficulty was—what ought to be her own course?

In all Jelly's past life she had never been actually apprehensive; if told that she was now, she would have replied, "Yes, because circumstances forced it upon her. That Mrs. Rane's spirit had appeared to her that memorable night to one intent—namely, that she, Jelly, should avenge her dreadful end by disclosing it to the public, Jelly believed as implicitly as she believed in the Gospel. Not a soul in the whole wide world but herself (save, of course, Dr. Rane) had the faintest idea that the death was not a natural one. Jelly wept and groaned, and thought her fate unjustly hard that she should have been signalled out by Heaven (for that's how she solemnly put it), for the revelation, when there were so many other people in the community of Dailory. Jelly had fit of real despondency, when she didn't quite know whether her head was on or off, or whether her mind wouldn't "go." Why couldn't the ghost have appeared to somebody else, she mentally asked at these moments; to Phillips, say, or to Dinah; or to Beley the surgeon; just because she had been performing an act of charity in sitting up with Kettar's sick child, it must show itself to her? And then Jelly's brain would go off into suppositions that it might have punished one, wiser than she was, to answer. Suppose she had not been at Kettar's that night, the staircase blind would have been drawn down at dusk as usual, she would have gone to bed at her customary hour, seeing nothing, and all this misery been spared. But no. It was not to be. She went to Kettar's; she stayed with the sick child to a strangely late hour, because Kettar himself was detained out; when she reached home she found no light placed for her; she found the blind not down, both through Dinah's omission; and so—she saw what she did see. And although Jelly, in her temper, might wish to throw the blame on Kettar for staying out, and on Dinah for her negligence, she recognized the finger of Destiny in all this, and knew she could not have turned aside from it.

What was she to do? Living in mortal dread of seeing again the apparition, feeling somehow a certainty within herself that she should see it, Jelly pondered the question every hour of the day. Things could not rest as they were. On the one hand, there was her natural repugnance to denounce Dr. Rane (just as there had been in the case of the anonymous letter, not only because she was in the service of his mother, but for his own sake; for Jelly, with all her faults, as to civility and the like, had not a bad heart. On the other, there was the weighty secret revealed to her by the dead woman; and the expression is not wrong, for, for that apparition, Jelly would have known no more than the rest of the world—and the obligation it laid upon her. Yet—how could she speak?—when the faintest breath of such an accusation against her son, would assuredly kill Mr. Cumberland in her present critical state; and to Jelly she was a good and kind mistress. No, she could never do it. With all this conflict within her, no wonder Jelly lost flesh and appetite; she had been thus enough before—she was like a veritable skeleton now. As to the revelation to Mrs. Gase, Jelly might just as well have made it to the moon. For that lady, after the first shock was past, absolutely refused to give credence to the tale; and had appeared ever since, by her manner, to ignore it as completely as though it had never been spoken.

Gradually Jelly grew disturbed by another fear—that she might be taken up as an accomplice after the fact. She was sure she had heard of such cases; and she remembered Tim Wilke nearly out of his patience—that gentleman having recovered his temporary indisposition—by asking perpetual questions of what the law might do to a person who found out that another had committed some crime, and concealed the knowledge; say stole a purse, for instance, and kept the money—for that's how Jelly generally put it.

One night when Jelly, by some fortunate chance, had really got to sleep early—for she was often late till morning light—a ring at the door bell suddenly aroused her. Mrs. Cumberland had caused a loud night-bell to be affixed to the door, in case of fire, she said. It hung on this first landing, close, so to say, to Jelly's head, so that she awoke instantly. Dinah, sleeping above, might have heard it just as well as Jelly; but Dinah was a hard sleeper—most people are so who have plenty of work to do, and nothing to worry them—and the bell, as Jelly knew, might ring for an hour before it awoke her. However, Jelly lay, not caring to get up herself, hoping against hope, and wondering who in the world could be ringing, unless it was somebody mistaking their house for Dr. Rane's. Which had happened before.

Ring; ring. It was not a loud ring by any means; but a gentle one, as if the applicant did it in deprecation. Jelly lay on. She was not afraid that it was connected with the sight she was always in mortal dread of again seeing, since ghosts don't come ringing to announce their visits, after the manner of men and women. In fact, the surprise, and the speculating who it could be, put the fear for the time being altogether out of Jelly's head.

Ring; ring; ring. Rather a louder peal this time, as if a little impatience mingled with the deprecation.

"Drat that girl!" cried Jelly, in her wrath, finding that she must get up after all.

Flushing on a warm shawl, and putting her feet into her shoes, Jelly proceeded to the front room—Mrs. Cumberland's chamber when she was at home—threw up the window, and called out to know who was there. A little man, stepping back from the door into the bright moonlight, looked up to answer—and Jelly recognized the form and voice of Kettar.

"It's me," said he.

"You?" interrupted Jelly, not allowing the man to continue. "What on earth do you want here at this hour?"

"I came to tell you the news about poor Cissy. She's dead."

"Couldn't it wait?" tartly returned Jelly, overlooking the sad nature of the tidings, in her anger at being disturbed out of her bed. "Would it have run away that you must come and knock folks up to tell it, as if you'd been the telegraph?"

"It was my wife made me come," spoke Kettar, with much humility. "She's in a peck o' grief, Jelly, and nothing 'ad do but I must come right off and tell you; she

thought, mayhap, you'd not be gone to bed."

"Not gone to bed at twelve o'clock at night!" returned Jelly. "And there it is, striking; if you've got any care to hear. You must be a fool, Kettar."

"Well, I'm sorry to have disturbed you," said the man, with a sigh. "I'd not have done it of myself; but poor Susan was taking on so, I couldn't say her nay. We was all of us so fond of the child: and—"

Kettar broke down with a great sob. The man had loved his child; and he was weak and faint with hunger. It a little appeased Jelly; not very much.

"I suppose you don't expect me to dress myself and come off to Susan at this hour?" she resentfully exclaimed, her tone, however, not quite so sharp.

"Law bless you, no," answered Kettar. "What good would that do? It couldn't bring Cissy back to life."

"Kettar, it's just this—instead of being upset with grief, you and Susan, you might be thankful that the child's taken out of the distress of this world. She won't cry for food where she's gone, and find none."

The man's sobs were renewed at the last suggestion. But Jelly had really meant it in the light of consolation.

"She was your god-child, Jelly."

"You needn't tell me," answered Jelly. "Could I have saved her life at any trouble or cost, I'd not have grudging it. If I had it myself to her? And then Jelly's brain would go off into suppositions that it might have punished one, wiser than she was, to answer. Suppose she had not been at Kettar's that night, the staircase blind would have been drawn down at dusk as usual, she would have gone to bed at her customary hour, seeing nothing, and all this misery been spared. But no. It was not to be. She went to Kettar's; she stayed with the sick child to a strangely late hour, because Kettar himself was detained out; when she reached home she found no light placed for her; she found the blind not down, both through Dinah's omission; and so—she saw what she did see. And although Jelly, in her temper, might wish to throw the blame on Kettar for staying out, and on Dinah for her negligence, she recognized the finger of Destiny in all this, and knew she could not have turned aside from it."

"Well, give my love to Susan, and say I'm sorry for it altogether, and I'll come down tomorrow in the morning. And, look here, Kettar—what about the money for the burial? You're not got anything towards it, I expect?"

Kettar caught up his breath. "Not a penny."

"Well, I know you'd not like the poor little thing to be buried by the parish, so I'll see what's to be done, tell Susan. Good night."

Jelly shut down the window with a bang. She really looked upon the strike as having led to the child's death—and in a remote degree possibly it had; so, what with that, and what with the untimely disturbance from her bed, her tartness of manner was somewhat excusable.

In passing back across the landing to her own chamber, with no more superstitious thoughts in her mind just then than if she had never had cause to entertain such, the large window became suddenly illuminated. Jelly stopped. Her heart, as she would herself have expressed it, leaped into her mouth. The light came from the outside; no doubt from Dr. Rane's. Jelly stood stock still. And then—what desperate courage impelled her, she never knew, but believed afterwards it must have been something akin to the fascination of the basilisk—she advanced to the window, and pulled aside the white blind.

But she did not see Bessy Rane this time, as perhaps she had expected; only her husband. Dr. Rane had a candle in his hand, and was apparently picking up something he had lost quite close to the large ornate window. It was this candle that had lighted up Jelly's window. In another moment he lodged the candle on a chair that stood there, so as to have both hands at liberty. Jelly watched. What he had dropped appeared to be several articles of his deceased wife's clothing, some of which had come unfolded in the fall. He soon had them within his arm again, caught up the candle and went down stairs. Jelly saw and recognized one beautiful Indian shawl, scarlet with a gold border, which had been a present from her own mistress to Bessy.

"He's going to pack them up and sell them, the wicked man!" spoke Jelly, in her strong conviction. And her ire grew very strong against Dr. Rane. "I'd almost rather have seen the spirit of his poor wife again than this," was her bitter comment, as she finally went into her room.

Putting aside all the solemn doubts and fears that were making havoc with Jelly's mind, her curiosity was insatiable. Perhaps no woman in all Dailory had so great a propensity for prying into other people's affairs, as she. Not, it must be again acknowledged, to do them harm; but simply to her world-wide inquisitiveness.

On the following morning, when Jelly attired herself to go to Kettar's after breakfast—which meal was reasoned throughout with r. proaches to Dinah for not hearing the night bell—she thought herself that she could find of all steps to the large ornate window. It was this candle that had lighted up Jelly's window. In another moment he lodged the candle on a chair that stood there, so as to have both hands at liberty. Jelly watched. What he had dropped appeared to be several articles of his deceased wife's clothing, some of which had come unfolded in the fall. He soon had them within his arm again, caught up the candle and went down stairs. Jelly saw and recognized one beautiful Indian shawl, scarlet with a gold border, which had been a present from her own mistress to Bessy.

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"She had lots of beautiful clothes. I'm sure the shawl, and scarf, and embroidered robe, and worked petticoats, and other valuable things; and my mistress was always giving her, would have set up anybody's wardrobe. What will he do with them?"

"Phillips shook her head, and pointed to a large, high chest of drawers. Her heart was full yet when she spoke of her late mistress."

"I say we are all in there, Jelly."

Are they? thought Jelly. But Phillips was going down now, her occupation finished. Jelly lingered behind, and thrust her head back out at the window, as if looking at something up the road. When Phillips had descended the stairs, Jelly tried the drawers. All were locked except one. That one, which Jelly softly drew open, was filled with articles belonging to the late Mrs. Rane; none of them so far as Jelly could gather by the cursory glance and touch, of much value.

"Yes," she said bitterly. "He keeps these open for show; but he is sending away the best. Those other drawers, if they could be looked into, are empty."

If ever Jelly had been startled in all her life at human footstep, it was to hear that of Dr. Rane on the stairs. How she got the drawer shut; how she got her head stretched out at the window again as far as ever it would stretch, she hardly knew. The doctor came in. Jelly, bringing in her head, apparently as much surprised as if a rhesus had walked up, apologized and explained rather lamely. The supposed Phillips must have gone down, she said, while she was watching that independent butcher's boy; she had made bold to step up to tell Phillips about Kettar's little girl.

"Ah, she is gone," observed Dr. Rane, as Jelly was walking out. "There has been no hope of her for some time."

"No, sir, I know there hasn't," replied Jelly, somewhat recovering her equanimity.

"I told Kettar that he may thank the strike for it."

Jelly got out with this, and was whisking through the gray room, when the doctor spoke again.

"Have you heard from your mistress this morning, Jelly?"

"Well, I have. I am very much afraid that she is exceedingly ill, Jelly."

"Dinah got a letter from Ann a day or two ago, sir; she said in it that her mistress was looking worse, and seemed lower than she'd ever known her."

"Ay, I wish she would come home. Easton is far away, and I cannot be running there perpetually," added the doctor, as he shut the chamber door in Jelly's face.

Leaning back on the pillows of an invalid's chair was Arthur Bohun, looking as yellow as gold. He had had an attack of jaundice. The day of James Bohun's funeral it had poured rain; Arthur got wet, standing at the grave, and caught a chill. It terminated in yellow jaundice—the distressed state of his mind no doubt doing its full part towards bringing on the malady. At first the doctors were afraid of bilious fever, but the danger of that passed. He was recovering now. Sir Nash, at whose house he lay, was everything that was kind.

Madam was kind also; at least she made a great profession of it. Her private object in life just now was to get her son to marry Miss Dailory. Madam cared no more for her son Arthur or his welfare than she did for Richard North; but she had the shrewdness to foresee that the source whence her large supplies of money had hitherto come, was now dried up; and she hoped to get some out of Arthur for the future. The marrying an heiress, wealthy as Mary Dailory, would vastly increase his power, and was of helping her. Moreover, she wished to be effectually relieved from that horrible nightmare that haunted her still—the possibility of his wedding Ellen Adair.

So Madam laid her plans—as it was in her scheming nature ever to be laying them—and contrived to get Miss Dailory (at that time in London with her aunt) to Sir Nash Bohun's for a few days' visit when Arthur was recovering. The young lady was there now; and Matilda North was there; and they both spent a good portion of every day with Arthur; and Sir Nash made much of Mary Dailory, partly because he liked her for herself, and partly because he thought there was a probability that she would be Arthur's wife. During his illness, Captain Bohun had had time to reflect; not only that, but *calmness* in the lastitude it cast on him mentally and bodily; and he began to see his immediate way somewhat clearer.

To hold off and say nothing, give no explanation to the two ladies at Easton, to whom he was acting (as he felt) so base a part, was the worst sort of cowardice; and, though he could not explain to Ellen Adair, he was now anxious to do so to Mrs. Cumberland. Accordingly the first use he made of his partially-recovered health, was to cause writing materials to be put on the bed and pen her a note in very shaky characters.

He spoke of his serious illness, stated that certain "unlucky circumstances" had occurred to interrupt his plans, but that as he should be sufficiently well to travel he should beg her to appoint a time when she could allow him a private conference.

The return post brought him a letter from Ellen. Rather to his consternation, Ellen assumed—not unnaturally, as the reader will find further on—that the sole cause of his mysterious absence was illness; that he had been ill from the first, and unable to travel. It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAREST ARTHUR—I cannot express to you what my feelings are this morning; so full of joy, yet full of pain. On I cannot tell you what the past two or three weeks have been to me: looking back, it almost seems a wonder that I lived through them. For I thought—I thought—I will not say here what I thought, and perhaps I could not, only that you were never coming more; and that it was to me agony worse than death. And to hear now that you could not come; that the cause of your silence and absence has been dangerous illness, brings to me a great sorrow and shame. Oh Arthur, my dearest, forgive me! Forgive also my writing to you in this free manner, but it seems so to me as though you were already my husband. Had you been called away but half an hour later you would have been, and perhaps even might have had me with you in your illness."

"I should like to write pages and pages, but you may be too ill yet to read much, and so I will stop here. May God watch over you and bring you round again."

"Ever yours, Arthur, yours only, with the greatest love of my whole heart,"

"ELLEN ADAIR."

And Captain Arthur Bohun, in spite of the

cruel fate that had parted them, in spite of his best hope never to see her more, passed the letter to his heart, and the sweet name "Ellen Adair" was on his lips as he would ever bear to his lips, and shed tears of anguish over it in the loneliness induced by illness.

They might take Mary Dailory to his room as much as they pleased; and Matilda might carry her little wife to subtly praise her, and Madam here to leave them "accidentally" together; but his heart was too full of another, and of his own bitter pain, to allow room for as much as a responsive thought to Mary Dailory.

Arthur is frightfully languid and apathetic! spoke Miss North one day in a burst of resentment. "I'm sure he is quite made to me and Mary; he'll let us sit there by him for an hour, and never speak."

"Consider how ill he has been—and is," was the remonstrating answer of Sir Nash. Mrs. Cumberland's span of life was drawing into a very narrow space; and it might be that she was beginning to suspect this. For some months she had been retreating inwardly weaker; but the weakness had for a week or two been visibly and rapidly increasing. The unaccountable behaviour of Captain Bohun had tried her for Ellen's sake. She was responsible to Mr. Adair for the welfare of his daughter, and the matter was a source of daily and hourly annoyance to her mind. When this second tart note arrived, she considered it, in one sense, a satisfactory explanation; in another, not; since, if Captain Bohun had been too ill to write himself, why did he not get some one else to write to her and say so? However, she was willing to persuade herself that all would be right; and she told Ellen, without showing her the note, that Captain Bohun had been dangerously ill, unable to come or write. Hence Miss Ellen's return letter.

But, apart from the silent progress of the illness in itself, nothing had done Mrs. Cumberland so much harm as the news of her daughter-in-law's death. It had been allowed to reach her abruptly, without the smallest warning. I suppose there is something in our common nature that urges us to impart and withhold to others. We are all alike in it. However grievous and horrible they may be, we find pleasure in imparting them; and Dinah, Jelly's friend and underling, proved no exception. On the day after the death, she sat down and dictated a letter to her fellow-servant, Ann, at Easton, in which she detailed the short progress of Mrs. Rane's illness, and described the death as "awful sudden." Ann, before she had well mastered the cramped lines, ran with white face and open mouth to her mistress; and Miss Adair afterwards told her that she ought to have known better. That it was too great a shock for Mrs. Cumberland in her critical state, the girl in her repentance saw. Mrs. Cumberland asked for the letter, and scarcely had it out of her hand for hours and hours. Dead! apparently from no cause; for the fever had lasted but a day, Dinah said, and was gone again. Mrs. Cumberland, in her bewilderment, began actually to think it was a fable.

Not for two or three days did she receive confirmation from Dr. Rane. Of course the doctor did not know and did not suppose that any one else would be writing to Easton; and he was perhaps willing to spare his mother the news as long as he could. He shortly described the illness—saying that he, himself, had entertained but little hope from the first, from the severity of the fever. But all this did not tend to soothe Mrs. Cumberland; and in the two or three weeks that afterwards went on, she faced palpably. Little wonder the impression, that she was growing worse, made its way to Dailory.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DEATH OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.—This distinguished naval officer has passed away, nearly three-score and ten years old. It may be said that, as a youth, he was remarkably free from excess. His tastes were pure and his morals unexceptionable. One of his remarks to those under his command regarding the use of rum, is worthy of perpetuation in letters of gold. He said: "I have been to sea a great many years, and have seen some fighting, but I have never seen the time when I needed rum to help me to do my duty."

Hall's Journal of Health lays down the law as follows:—"Men may live long and in health who never taste meat, but they never can excel in anything which requires energy. The nations which eat no meat, as to the masses, are always inefficient or degraded. The hundreds of millions of Japan and China have failed in the centuries of the past in all that makes a nation or an individual grand in conception or magnificent in accomplishment. They are to-day what they were ages ago, and they live mainly on rice and other vegetables."

At Bangkok, lately, the Consul General of Portugal was bathing in the river Menam, when he accidentally touched an electric rail, and was drowned.

JUSTIFIABLE STINGINESS.—Grulging a friend the right of laughing at our expense.

In the theatre of war, the boxes are for cartridges, the stalls are for the cavalry, the vivandiers' tent is the gallery, the pit is for the dead, the tiers are those of widows and orphans, the prompter is ambition or revenge, or conquest, or sometimes, a just cause; the stars are the marshals and generals, the stock is the army, and the curtain, which closes in the final scene, is generally a tape-bound diplomatic rag, or patched-up peace.

A Sarda's tombstone bears this inscription:—"Emma, dau'r of Abraham and Matilda Cox, and wife of Theo. Schallheim, died Aug. 10, 1848, aged 26 yrs, leaving five children—married too young, against her father's will. Single women take warning."

An undertaker was sued the other day for breach of promise of marriage. He pleaded that he was compelled for business reasons to break off the match, the lady was so devoid of "symmetry."

Vice-President Colfax writes to the Brooklyn Union, that he intends, with this term, to close his public life absolutely, and go into active business.

It is announced from Paris that Gustave Aimard has organized a volunteer corps for the defence of the city, wholly composed of writers for the press. We may expect a glowing account of the services of this corps. Its members will describe their own exploits.

Some one sent to a Richmond paper, as original, an extract from the Song of Solomon, and the editor published it "as a fair specimen of the poetical effusions which are daily thrown into our waste-basket." A rank injustice to newspaper poets.

## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 17, 1870.

### TERMS.

The terms of this Post are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND. It is a club which may be made up of the paper and magazine combined when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium when so desired) for \$1.00. Two copies (and a large Premium when so desired) for \$1.50. Five copies (and a large Premium when so desired) for \$2.50. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, for \$1.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable under order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

NEWSPAPER PREMIUMS. Foreign subscribers at \$2.50 per annum—or for 50 subscribers and \$50—we will send (free of charge) No. 10 Machine, price \$50. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber is a Premium List. No month's rate to be paid. \$1.50, will get the Premium Good Engraving. Samples of this Post will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents.

Address  
HENRY PETERSON & CO.,  
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

### MRS. WOOD'S NEW STORY.

We commenced in THE POST of May 21st Mrs. Henry Wood's new story. It is entitled

### BESSY RANE;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c., &c.

We think our readers will find Bessy RANE as powerfully written and deeply interesting as "George Canterbury's Will."

The commencement of "Bessy Rane" is an excellent time to commence new subscriptions to THE POST. Our readers will oblige us by suggesting this to their neighbors and friends.

### LOUIS NAPOLEON.

As all the daily papers, and all the weekly papers probably with the exception of our own, have contained long and wisely-voiced homilies on the downfall of Louis Napoleon in one short eventful month, we have concluded to spare the world the infliction of another.

We never were an admirer of Louis Napoleon—especially since that day when he violated the oath he had taken as President of France, and made himself Emperor. We should not have objected so much to his making himself Emperor—but if a man will violate his solemn pledge, what is there left in the man to hold to.

A ruler who violates his solemn oath, saps the foundation upon which rests all the social and political structure.

And yet it seems only fair to admit that for twenty years Louis Napoleon has governed France with as much wisdom as any sober-minded person could reasonably expect. And that the people of France generally have been happy and prosperous under his rule, the votes in his favor, and the little emigration from France to our own shores, would seem to prove.

As for his dynasty, he himself perhaps may never reign again, but it may be that his son, if he live and manifest ability, may yet sit a fourth Napoleon upon the imperial throne of France, or fill the more contracted sphere of King.

### RECOGNITION.

President Grant has recognized the new French Republic, and the French Republicans are deeply moved and comforted thereby. We suppose it was right to do so, according to our rule of acknowledging all *de facto* governments, especially as the proclamation of a Republic anywhere must be taken as a kind of compliment to the United States.

But it must be remembered that the new Republic is merely the work of a few men in Paris, that it is not in any fair sense the creation of the whole people, that it has not received yet the endorsement of the nation, and that there is very little probability of its endurance.

The King of Prussia is known to be an ardent believer in the doctrine that kings rule by a divine right—and Bismarck has been through all his career an able and earnest supporter of the royal prerogative. We think it probable that if the King of Prussia had to choose between the dynasty of Louis Napoleon and a French Republic, he would greatly prefer the former—that he would look upon a Republic in France as upon a very dangerous kind of a neighbor, and the more dangerous in proportion as it should prove to be successful.

RUSSIA UNKIND.—There are various reports from Paris of an alliance with Russia. Russia is arming, fearful, it is said, that the same military strength which Prussia has now directed against France, will sooner or later be turned against her, with a view to acquiring all the German provinces of Russia. Perhaps.

On Monday the 4th instant, at Long Branch, HAWAII, M. F. FARRSON, daughter of the late John Farrson, and wife of Robert M. Peterson, M. D., in the 50th year of her age.

On the 5th instant, CHARLES S. MANN, aged 50 years.

On the 5th instant, ELIZA, wife of the late THOS. LEVITT, Jr., in her 48th year.

On the 5th instant, JOHN W. BONNADILLE, in his 42nd year.

On the 6th instant, SUSAN PARKINSON, aged 30 years.

On the 3d instant, EDWARD H. LUCENA, in his 21st year.

On the 3d instant, RICHARD G. HARRISON, in his 78th year.

On the 3d instant, HENRY DEEST-HINE, aged 40 years.

On the 3d instant, ABRAHAM H. SVEDBERG, in his 64th year.

**MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP**

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve bars of Household Bar Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and try it. **CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 24 Front St., New York.**

# TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer  
3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING.

As follows: Every New Subscriber for Next Year, (all of 1871), whose subscription is received during this month of September, shall be presented with the paper for October (beginning October 8th), November and December without charge.

N. B.—Subscribers too distant to respond to this before October 1, will be allowed extra time to send in their names.

## SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

We design commencing the admirable Novel of

## LEONIE'S MYSTERY,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

In THE POST of October 8th. And in order to stimulate all unfortunate persons who do not take THE POST to enrol themselves on its list, and become so wise and virtuous as those who are already its readers, we make the following

## LIBERAL OFFER.

The names of all NEW subscribers for 1871, whose subscriptions reach us by the first of October next, shall be entered on our list at once, and their subscriptions commence with the paper of October 8th—the first of the new story. They will thus receive THIRTEEN papers IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871—or FIFTEEN MONTHS in all!

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) \$2.50.	
2 copies,	\$4.00
4 "	6.00
5 " (and one extra)	8.00
8 " (and one extra)	12.00
11 " (and one extra)	16.00
14 " (and one extra)	20.00

One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 4.00

Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

While we offer this special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—And it is thus to their interest, as we hope it is to their kindly feeling to speak a good word for us to their friends.

Our NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING for next year is a beautiful plate called "The Sisters." It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, G. F. Doo—one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect gem of art.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club!

## TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offer, make up a Club of four or more NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS" (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

## Special Offer of Lady's Friend.

TWO MONTHS FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of November, shall receive the November and December numbers of the present year in addition—making 14 months in all!

## MY SIN COUNTRY.

Oh, why left I my home?  
Why did I cross the deep?  
Oh, why left I the land  
Where my forefathers sleep?  
I sigh for Scotia's shore,  
And I gaze across the sea,  
But I cannot get a blink  
O' my sin country.

The palm-tree wavereth high,  
And fair the myrtle springs,  
And to the Indian maid  
The bulbul sweetly sings;  
But I diana see the broom  
W' its tangle on the lee,  
Nor hear the little's sang  
O' my sin country.

Oh, here no Sabbath bell  
Awakes the Sabbath morn,  
Nor voice of reaper corn;  
Among the mellow corn;  
For the tyrant's voice is here,  
And the wail of slavery,  
But the sun of freedom shines  
In my sin country.

There's a hope for every woe,  
And a balm for every pain;  
But the first joys of our heart  
Come never back again.  
There's a track upon the deep,  
And a path across the sea,  
But the weary ne'er return  
To their sin country.

## Fashionable Wedding.

From the Metropolitan we clip the following, which will doubtless be read with interest, especially by those who have never witnessed a truly fashionable wedding in the great city:—

There were one hundred marriages in one day during the last hot term.

Thirty of them were illustrated exhibitions. Full dress and no end of ceremony and pretty things drew crowds of gossips to the sidewalk, and curious folks into the galleries. One of these marriages I must describe, because it was supposed to be solemnized to the extent of pious ostentation.

The day was simply awful. The sun was on a spree for certain, and the winds had gone to sleep, and even a Chinese fan could not rouse a breath. Besides, the church, which is usually cool, when every other place is cool, had got overheated, and was in a state of disagreeable, sultry warmth, which even the odor of flowers could not drown—and there were enough of the sweet withering blossoms to have exhausted a pretty pile of money for the lavish purchaser—the molly smell would not be overcome, and it added to the parade of prayers not a little of the medieval sentiment of personal sacrifice.

Blossoms drooped everywhere, and the organ intoned a wail for their withering which was full of tears, but nobody wept, because everybody was too anxious to see the bride to have any other emotion except curiosity.

It is all the fashion just now to keep the audience in suspense as long as possible. This may be maiden modesty and reluctance, but some how, from other indications, I don't believe the delay is ever caused by this feminine quality. However, the waiting was repaid by the after performance. (Forgive me for naming it a performance, but I have no other word for it.)

The bride entered alone, and kept perfect time with her march, somewhat in the stage style, until she reached the altar. Her head was drooped, her hands crossed upon her jeweled breast, with a lace handkerchief in one and a bouquet in the other. She appeared to be unconscious of every surrounding, and probably was. Young ladies always are at such moments. After standing before the altar what seemed to be five minutes or five hours, you could not tell which, so very much absorbed was everybody in the singular manner of her entering; and in laying away in memory an inventory of her bridal array, for the pleasure of young ladies who had not been bidden to this extraordinary ceremony.

By and-by, another young woman, who was unveiled, entered, and kept up a similar tread toward the altar. Then another, and then another, to the number of twelve. Just as the second walking lady entered, the bride knelt in solemn attitude, and without doubt she prayed for something or other, though she did not look as if she had a worldly wish ungratified, and certainly she was not preparing just at that moment for any other world than this. Number two knelt presently, and then three, and four, until all the thirteen were in the most picturesque attitudes known to devotion, and oh! how their trains did spread!

By and-by the organ concluded that they had knelt long enough to give full expression to the length of their dresses and the way their back hair was arranged, and all other intents that they had, and it changed its key and played something else which was more hopeful and agreeable, and during the letting up of the wail an elderly man in white kids, white vest, and hammer tails cut out of black broadcloth. The younger man was leaning upon the elder one most confidently, and when they had reached the altar, the clergyman, who seemed to be in collusion with them, came forth by a side door and faced them. The old gentleman gently touched the veiled head of the bride, as much as to say, "My dear daughter, don't pray any more. I've fetched you a right nice husband," and she looked up, smiled in the sweetest and most pearly manner, as if she should say, "Thank you, father, for supplying all my earthly wants;" then she rose, and the clergyman prayed audibly, while the organ kept on its sweet symphony, and then the usual ceremony of exchanging promises was proceeded with, and the father gave her away and immediately retired behind his handkerchief, and into a front pew, as if he were sorry he did it. The questioning and promises appeared to be satisfactory to the officiating gentleman, and he let them off into the matrimonial world as closely tied as ropes of sand could do it, and in utter disregard to the state of the mercury. They went out of the damp and heavy-laden atmosphere of the church, looking as happy as two turtle doves, while the bridesmaids followed, two by two, as much as to declare that they desired the companionship of women only, and that they could not be induced to do so silly a thing as to wed a man.

A long breath, even of those commingled airs, seemed to relieve the audience, and they rose and went forth wiser, if not sadder, for the solemnization of the rite of wedlock.

## The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Images.

No. 17.

MOUNT CARMEL, AND SELF-TORTURE IN WORSHIP.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

"And they cried aloud, and cut themselves with knives and lancets," are words that occur in 1st Kings xviii., 28. They refer to the desperate act of the priests of Baal to arouse their God from his apathy, and seeming disregard of his own honor and the earnest petitions of his friends. The locality was Mount Carmel, rising in hoary grandeur above the verdant olive trees and fruitful vineyards whence its Hebrew name is derived; and overlooking the blue heights of Lebanon, the fertile plains of Esdraelon, and beautiful Acre, with its smooth bay and enchanting prospects—a scene rich in attestations of the Creator's matchless power and His abounding love to the children of men. The prophet Isaiah alludes, in chap. xlv., 2, to the extraordinary fertility of this mountain and its vicinity when describing the benefits of the gospel; he says: "To the desert shall be given the excellency of Carmel." Again, its graceful form supplies the wise man, in Cant. vii., 5, with words of description for the Church, under the symbol of Christ's bride—"Thine head, upon these, is like Carmel;" while its rich pastures seem to be alluded to by the prophet Jeremiah (l. 19) and Isaiah (xlii. 9), who class it with Babylon, for green fields and ripe fruits. The northern foot of the mountain approaches very near to the Mediterranean Sea, that receives the waters of Carmel's numerous crystal brooks, among them Kishon; beside which, at the base of the mountain the false prophets met their fearful doom. The Kishon, which rises at the foot of Mount Tabor, (the supposed scene of our Lord's transfiguration), was noted also for the great victory obtained by the Israelites, under Deborah and Barak, over the vast host of Sisera, by which the children of Israel were freed from the grievous yoke they had borne during twenty years subjection to the Canaanites.

On the west of Carmel are many caves and grottoes some travellers estimating their number at more than a thousand. Most of these are very crooked, and the entrances so narrow as to permit only one person to enter at a time; furnishing thus excellent places of concealment for fugitives. This peculiarity gave rise, doubtless, to the figure in Amos ix., 3, where the Lord, by the mouth of his prophet, says, of the wicked who would evade detection and punishment, "Though they hide themselves in the top of Carmel, I will search and take them out thence." Both Elijah and Elisha seem often to have availed themselves of the privacy of the caves upon Mount Carmel, not less for retirement and meditation than when fleeing from the malice of their enemies.

The immediate scene of the sacrifice, we can scarcely doubt, to have been on the side of the mountain where it descends gradually into the beautiful plains of Esdraelon. Here the declivity of Carmel, its brink dark with woods, and its sides covered with the richest verdure, overlooks a vast extent of country on every side. From the hills of Samaria, Cana, and Gilboa, the miracle might have been witnessed by countless multitudes; and to the eager gaze of the Israelites, the prophets of Baal with their useless altars, and Jehovah's solemn vindication of his great name by the fire that "fell and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench," were all as distinctly visible as if these solemn scenes had been enacted at their feet.

Here the prophet Elijah had called the Israelites to a solemn decision as to whom they would serve—whether the one living and true God, or the senseless idols, Baal and Astarte, whose gross, sensual worship had been introduced by the wicked Jebel after her marriage with King Achab. Baal and Astarte or Astaroth are generally mentioned together, as the worship of the former was seldom unaccompanied by that of his cruel mate. They were the principal divinities of the Phœnicians, Baal having been supposed by some to represent the sun, and Astarte the moon; while others regard them as the god and goddess of good fortune. The name Baal or Bel signifying lord, it came to be used among eastern nations as a general synonym for all male idols, as Astarte or Astaroth was for the female. It is well ascertained, however, that the Phœnicians, Assyrians, Chaldeans and others did worship the sun as Baal, and the moon as Astarte, and erected to them gorgeous altars in groves and high places all over their lands, burning perpetual incense in their honor, and committing all manner of abominations; just such as we see in our own day perpetrating in every temple of idolatry. From the ancient Canaanites sprang the Persian fire-worshippers, who to this day reverence and bow down to the sun as the only true God, and fire as his recognized emblem.

From association with the heathen nations about them, the Hebrews fell readily into the same snare. With the thousands of Sinaites still peering on their camp, the golden calf was set up; and while Jehovah's mighty wonders were yet passing before them, we hear them saying of the senseless images their own hands had fashioned, "These be thy gods, oh Israel!"—and despite the terrible judgments with which they were constantly visited for this very sin, we find them on every opportunity relapsing into the worship of false gods—"the sun, the moon, and all the host of heaven" becoming to them objects of adoration, instead of Him to whom they so often swore allegiance. In the reign of Ahab the worship of Baal was revived with all its abominations—four hundred and fifty priests were appointed to minister at his altar, and nearly as many at that of Astarte. God's displeasure had been manifested by the three years' famine over all the land; Ahab's fierce wrath was excited against Elijah as the cause of this evil; and now the prophet proposed to the king a trial of power between Israel's God and these heathen idols—the latter represented by four hundred and fifty priests of Baal, and the former by Elijah alone. Then the prophet directed Baal's priests to take a bullock and kill it, and lay it on the altar, and ask of Baal to send down fire to consume their offering; while he would take another prepared in the same way, and pray the Lord God of Israel to send fire from heaven upon his sacrifice. "Now," said Elijah, "call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the Lord, and the God that is with me, let him be God." And all the people said, "It is well spoken." The priests of Baal had the first

trial; and when the sacrifice was laid in order, they began praying to their god to send down fire; and their zeal seems to have increased in proportion as hope diminished. For at first they only cried out, "O Baal, hear us!" By-the-by they leaped upon the altar, or danced about it, as they became more excited and more urgent to be heard; and at last, with an energy born of despair, "they cut themselves with knives and lancets till the blood gushed out upon them;" pouring out, to their cruel divinity, a libation of the warm life current as their last desperate resource to rouse him to action. Who, that has any acquaintance with idolatry, ancient or modern, does not recognize in the frenzied fanaticism of these priests of Baal a true picture of the bloody rites of almost every heathen sect? Under the excitement of great grief, love or devotion, it is no uncommon set in the East to cut the person with knives, or inflict other violent wounds in self-torture. The idea is, that as an evidence of properly-excited feeling, such acts are acceptable offerings to both gods and men. Herodotus mentions it as a custom of the Persian Magi, and relates an instance where a fleet being in danger of shipwreck, the Magi, by making incisions in their flesh, and offering incantations to the winds assuaged the storm. Plutarch also speaks of the priests of Bellona as mingling their own blood with that of the sacrifices to their blood-thirsty divinity.

All through Hindoostan, despite the influence of British rule, and the example and teachings of earnest Christian missionaries, for more than half a century, to this day the mass of the people are still wedded to their superstitious, and continue to practice all manner of self-torture, by which they hope to obtain the favor of their gods, and make atonement for sin. Some of them roll on the ground after the idol as he is carried in his car around the temple, or through the streets of a city; and instances are not uncommon where devotees make the circuit of an empire, rolling their bodies, or creeping on their hands and knees the entire distance. Some will pass rods of iron through the skin of their sides, and in this painful predicament will jump and dance frantically around the idol—some roll their uncovered bodies over beds of thorns—some stand between two fires till the flesh is literally baked on the exposed parts—some stick their breasts, arms, and legs full of pins—some will with one hand cover the under lip with wet earth, and with the other hand sow the earth with small seed, then stretch themselves flat on their backs, exposed to the scorching sun by day, and the heavy dews by night, vowing not to move, turn, eat, or drink until the seeds planted on the lip begin to sprout, which takes place usually on the third or fourth day. Some wear huge iron squares around their necks for years—some lie on iron spikes—and some gaze up at the heavens, till the muscles of the throat become so contracted that no aliment but liquids can be taken ever after. One Hindoo made a nine years' journey, rolling all the way, from Benares to Cape Comorin, a distance of about fourteen hundred miles. When he came to a river he forded it, or passed over in a boat; and then rolled on the bank as far as the river was wide, believing that he thus fulfilled his vow to roll all the way. Besides these, hundreds destroy life at once by falling before the ponderous wheels of their idol cars, throwing themselves down precipices, drowning in the dangers, and various other equally senseless ways.

What a wretched system is that which demands such senseless acts of self-torture; and how gladly we turn to the blessed gospel of salvation, with its full and free atonement for sin, its calmly-reverent acts of worship, and its precious tidings of "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men!"

## A Montreal Driver.

Have you driven around the mountain? Is a question that will be asked you a dozen times an hour in Montreal. Well, we had not, so we hired a chariot and started. Our driver was a Frenchman, very chatty and confidential. Mrs. L., of course, endeavored to air her French, and the coachman endeavored to air his English. It was hard on me, I assure you. He did not understand me, and she did not understand him. He managed, however, to point out the objects of interest—the convents, markets, churches, colleges, and the General Hospital, a very fine building with beautiful grounds, which Mrs. L. (following the guide book) called Hotel Dieu. The ascent of the mountain is so gradual that you are hardly aware of your position when you reach the highest point. The road is kept in good order, but the sides of it are adorned with shanties and pot-houses, and tanneries, and forges, which may be useful, but which certainly take all romance from the ride. Our driver was very valuable in the cemetery, two of which adorn the mountain. Finding Mrs. L. listening to him attentively, he told us a wonderful yarn.

"Do you see that vault?" said he, pointing to one near us. Mrs. L. nodded her head. "Two years ago," said he, "a beautiful young lady was buried there. One night, shortly after her funeral, her mother had a bad, very bad dream about her. She was frightened, so she compelled them to open the vault. They did so, and found everything just as they had left it. But the mother compelled them to open the coffin; they lifted the lid, and it contained nothing but a little white mouse, which had eyes just like the young lady, and a cherry mark on its left shoulder, just as the young lady had."

"What did they do?" queried Mrs. L., her countenance beaming with sympathy.

"The mother," continued he, "took it home, built it a beautiful cage, and kept it."

"Could I see it?" asked Mrs. L.

"See it?" said the Frenchman, scratching his head. "See it? Oh, no! you see, after the girl's death, the mother had obtained a new cat, who did not know the girl, and one day, when the cage was open, the cat devoured the mouse."

Mrs. L. entered the carriage weeping. The Frenchman dropped a tear.

"Isn't it awful?" said Mrs. L. to me.

"Awful hoob," said I.

"You're a brute," was Mrs. L.'s remark.

We were driven rapidly through the fine streets to the hotel. As I paid the driver, I remarked, "Look here, I'll give you fifty cents if you'll tell me where you got that mouse."

"Seriously?" queried he, grinning.

"I informed him that I meant it."

He tapped his forehead as he replied—"All here; but," shrugging his shoulders, "madam likes affecting stories, so I made one."

I never could persuade Mrs. L. that he made any such remark, and she believes in the mouse to this day.

## LITTLE FEET.

In castle halls, or cottage homes,  
Wherever gamboling childhood roams,  
O, there is nothing half so sweet  
As busy tread of little feet.

The sighing breeze, the ocean's roar,  
The purring rill, the organ's power,  
All stir the soul, but none so deep  
As tiny tread of little feet.

When forth we go at early morn,  
To meet the world and brave its scorn,  
Adown the garden walks so neat,  
We see the prints of little feet.

At eve, when homeward we repair,  
With aching limbs and brow of care,  
The voices ring out clear and sweet—  
Then comes the rush of little feet.

The knives are lost, the dishes stray,  
The spoons are splintered away;  
And when we go the lost to seek,  
We take the trail of little feet.

But when the angel death has come  
And called the flowerets from our home,  
Oppressive silence reigns complete;  
We miss the sound of little feet.

Then tools are safe, no dishes stray,  
No doors go slamming all the day;  
But O, 'twould give us pleasure sweet  
To hear again those noisy feet.

Soft little bath come; all are asleep;  
Yes, all but me—I vigil keep.  
Hush! hush! my heart, and cease to beat—  
Was that the step of little feet?

Yes, tearful mother, 'tis the tread  
Of him you miss and mourn as dead;  
And often in your sweetest sleep,  
You'll dream of hearing little feet.

And when this pilgrimage is o'er,  
And you approach that blissful shore,  
The first to run your soul to greet,  
Will be your darling's little feet.

## Playing with Lightning.

An astonishing title, you will say. Most people are too much afraid of lightning ever to wish to play with it. Yet, from the time of Benjamin Franklin, who drew lightning from the clouds with his kite, down to the present, there have been persons bold enough to treat this wonderful force familiarly, and even playfully.

An English gentleman, named Crosse, caused several miles of telegraph wire to be extended through his park, and was then able to collect a large amount of electricity, even in ordinary weather; but at the time of a thunder shower he could have a regular storm of lightning in his laboratory.

Here, in immense Leyden jars, the electric fluid was stored for future use. Over the receiver were written as a warning, the words, "Noli me tangere," which is the Latin for

"Don't touch me!"

One day, a maid went into the room to sweep and dust it. She touched the receiver, and at once received so severe a shock as to be thrown flat on her back. She complained bitterly to her employer, who, however, was as cross as his name, for had he not warned her not to touch the instrument?

"Yes," she said, "but if there was any harm in it, why had he written up 'No danger?'" (which was her rendering of the Latin.)

A similar story is told of two operators on the electric telegraph. They were having a little chat over the wires, but, after a time fell into a violent dispute. A thunder shower coming up, the electricity ran along the wires, and knocked one of the men off his seat.

Fancying the other had struck him, he picked himself up, exclaiming, "Who'd have thought the fellow would get angry?"

Mr. Pepper, the ingenious inventor of scientific amusements at the Polytechnic Institution in London, has constructed a monster lightning-machine, by which the appearance of a thunder storm may be produced at pleasure. It consists of a powerful galvanic battery, with a primary wire of copper, thirty-seven hundred and seventy yards in length, covered with cotton. Around this is coiled the secondary wire, (along which the electric current passes) which is bound up with silk, and which is one hundred and fifty miles in length.

Previously, the largest instrument of this kind in existence had a secondary wire only seven miles long, and the longest spark that could be obtained was nine inches.

The coil of the new machine ends in "terminals," one of which is a point, the other a disc of polished metal. When these terminals are twenty-nine inches apart, the electric current passes from the point to the disc, with a blinding glare, and a loud report. When more distant, the spark refuses to make the leap; when near together the flash is without noise. In either case, when the spark does pass, it will pierce through five inches thickness of solid plate glass.

When first tried, the machine almost destroyed itself. It melted the platinum, and burned up the brass of what is called the "brake." But the difficulty was obviated by a "condenser," formed of a number of small plates of insulated tin-foil, which affords a reservoir for the primary current, and prevents the injury caused by the sudden rush of the electric fluid.

Now the instrument is used without danger, and lightning is produced, night after night, for the amusement of untold crowds.

## Music.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says:—"There is no doubt that music—not vocal alone, but instrumental—should be introduced into all our public schools as regularly and as systematically as algebra and prayers. The pianoforte especially should be given over to boys, whom it will chasten and refine, but whom it cannot corrupt, like the violin, which ought to be surrendered to the girls. The fiddle, as a masculine instrument, is the devil's recruiting officer. But a lad cannot stick a piano under his arm and gad about skylarking and drinking, dancing and making a donkey of himself. Besides, no girl has the nervous strength and muscular agility sufficient to excel on the piano, whilst every girl of musical taste is equal to the violin. The instruments and their devotees should be reversed, and thus the one might be made a moral teacher and the other an element of harmless beauty and grace."



the fact that the girl, sleeping here so  
languidly, belonged to him now, there was  
no doubt in his mind; the only wonder

from her hands, and fled to the furthest  
owner of the room. Covering her eyes with  
one hand, she raised the other beseechingly,

According to the census, it is stated that Cedar Junction, Montana, has 143 houses, in which have resided 1 300 people, whose numbers are now reduced to 36, giving them an average of four houses each.

“A brief and simple, but very expressive eulogy was once pronounced by Martin Luther upon a pastor, whose name was Nicholas Hausman. ‘What we preach,’ said the great reformer, ‘he lives.’”

about swells to sixty thousand tons. If a war continues many weeks this question of food will become as serious and as pregnant of momentous consequences as the question of war and armament.

Married Women's Property.

The act just passed by the British Parliament, to amend the law in relation to the property of married women, has some features which merit men's rights as well. By one of its provisions, a man who marries a woman in debt, does not, as heretofore, become liable for her debts, contracted before marriage. It is among the legends of the Fleet Prison, in London, that a dissolute Countess, imprisoned for debt, married the prison barber, and thus changing the debt to her husband, left him in jail, while she walked abroad. This is one of the "rights" of which the new act deprives English ladies. By the new law, a married woman having separate property, becomes liable to the parish for her husband's maintenance, in case he becomes a pauper. This is another loss of "right" for under the old law a woman could keep her married reticence intact, while her husband was supported by the parish. A married woman's separate property is liable to the same claims for her children, as if she were a widow; but her husband, being able, is not by the act released.

On the other hand, the wages and earnings of married women are secured to them, and her receipts alone are a valid discharge to her debtors. Deposits in a savings bank in the woman's name are her separate property. She may effect insurance on her own life, or on that of her husband. Insurance by the husband in his wife's favor is declared a trust for her benefit. A married woman may maintain an action at law, even against her husband. But he has also the same privilege; and if the woman gains a "right" in this case, so does the man. Personal as well as freehold property coming to a married woman by will or inheritance, is her separate property. The act is not retrospective, and its operation does not extend to Scotland.

The Drought in Europe.

The drought throughout England and France during the past season has been very disastrous. The loss in hay and butter to England is estimated at about \$4,000,000, and France, in her pressing needs, arising from the war, is much straitened by the scanty hay crop. Indeed, the problem of securing sufficient hay for the necessities of the French army is one of increasing importance and very difficult of solution. Although we may not export hay to the relief of the foreign scarcity, our agricultural interest will no doubt find enlarged markets for the various substitutes of grain.

The London Times notices the fact that while the weather has been most favorable for the ingathering of the cereals, the hay harvest was the most complete failure within memory, and already stock are being fed with grain. The grain crops, however, notwithstanding the dry weather, are believed to be generally an average. Wheat is the best; barley is a good crop; beans are remarkably short; oats and peas good. The potato crop will be small.

A modest music dealer was recently nuptially by a lady as stout as Paropha Rana, who inquired: "Have you 'Put Me in My Little Bed'?"

The horses killed in battle are served to the French soldiers as meat rations.

The Chinamen who go to New York, it is said, invariably marry Irish wives.

There is a man living in Calhoun county, Miss., who is supposed to be the strongest man in the state, if not in the entire South. He is 35 years of age, and weighs a hundred and twenty-five pounds. He has been known to carry three bars of railroad iron, when it taken from three to five ordinary men to carry one. He can take a cask containing forty gallons of water and raise it from the ground and drink out of the bung-hole with as much ease as others could out of a common pitcher; and he has frequently taken a barrel of flour under each arm, and balancing a sack of salt on his head, carried them for several hundred yards with apparently little effort. He offers to bet that he can lift thirteen hundred pounds.

Among the various methods for keeping water cool, none is much better or easier than that practiced in the East. The water is put into jars, bottles, or wine coolers which are placed in buckets filled with salt and sulphur, and then turned rapidly until the water almost reaches the freezing point. If the weather is very hot the buckets are replenished several times a day and the turning process repeated. Thus you can have sparkling cold water with the thermometer at one hundred degrees in the shade, and even when no ice is to be had.

An exchange says: "The composers of New York printing offices embrace a great many ladies." Most anybody would if he got a chance, still there is no use of blowing around about it in the papers.

A proud and loving Missouri father, on visiting with the accomplishments of his daughter, said she could "everlastingly paw paw and howl, and could paw a washboard like a mule."

A clergyman in New York only a few days since explained that "science must step, or religion cannot go on." The Newark Advertiser suggests that he stop, and allow some wiser teacher to occupy the pulpit.

"What would you be, dearest," said Walter to his sweetheart, "if I was to press the seal of love upon these sealing-wax lips?" "I should be stationary."

A blind man is Grafton, Vt., excels as a checker player. He has his own board with snaken pieces for the checkers, the blacks having round and the whites square holes.

A census taker. The census marshal notes the fact that in towns that have fallen off in population the difference is in the number of young children. Many families have no children, or only one. The causes can be guessed at, and deserve the attention of philanthropists.

Poe's Raven. Paragraphs having recently appeared in several of the papers relative to the authorship of "The Raven," Mr. A. E. Snow, who has read it in public on many occasions, has taken pains to trace the story to its reported source. The result of his correspondence proves that the statements are not at all correct. The investigation has confirmed the belief that Edgar A. Poe is the author of the most wonderful poem with which his name is associated.

The students of Yale College average 5 feet 9 inches in height, Tufts 5.8, Dartmouth 5.8, Brown 5.7, Wesleyan 5.6, and Amherst 5.6, while Columbia and Cornell come up to 5.10. The Columbia boys must be very lank, however, for they average a weight of 137.

John B. Gough has had eight hundred invitations to lecture this year. A gentleman who has just visited him says he "didn't seem to be hankering after many more."

Our Mistake.

It is a heart-breaking thing to look back on one's own life, and count up the mistakes we have made by following out our own will, perhaps in defiance of friendly advice. The sorrows that have come to us as it were by the will of God we can submit to with as much or as little patient resignation as we have the grace for; but the sorrows which we have wrought by our own hand—the pitfalls into which we have walked by taking our own way—these are the sore places of memory, which no time can heal and no patience save over. "I did it by my own act and deed," and "if I had but listened to advice! if I had but taken to pieces that set purpose of mine, what a different life I should have had! what an infinity of trouble I should have been spared!" How many women, think you, are sitting now by the blackboard of a hot-out-door, heart-sick and despairing—women for whom there is no to-morrow, no future summer, no rainbow across the dull gray sky of their enduring winter—all for the set purpose of a baseless love, all for the willful following at the heels of a visionary joy! They were warned, they were counselled, they were besought; but they took no heed. Love, stronger than wisdom, drew them by lines of steel, while this had only ropes of tow; and the set purpose of their lives was as the moth's when it beats its wings into the flame—and with much the same result.

Nightmare Judgment.

You often hear some one say, "I judge you by myself, that's my judgment." No, my friend, it is likely to be the very most unrighteous judgment in the world. We are sure to be unjust, unfair, unreasonable, the moment we expect of any other precisely what we ourselves should be under similar circumstances.

You are a self-contained person, let us say, and your neighbor is naturally very communicative. He speaks openly of such things as you shrink from even naming; therefore you sneer, "Oh, these shallow, noisy straws. What does he know of real feeling?" But he, seeing you silent, and as it seems to him stoical, says in the turn—"Why, the man is like a rock—nothing moves him." And so because repression belongs to one nature and expression to the other, you both of you misunderstand each other, and are kept apart by the misunderstanding.

Or you may be a person of moods, or a quick-tempered person, and in your vexed moments you may speak words to your friend, whose different temperament could be roused to anger only by strong provocation, and whose anger would be very long in cooling, which would lead him, judging you by himself, to believe you his enemy for life. "Why," he would reason, "I couldn't speak to a person such a man unless I hated him—he must hate me," and so the wedge of division comes in which will work soon or late entire alienation.

The man who likes to read newspapers thinks is an evidence of frivolous taste that his wife likes novels—the woman who seeks the beautiful in pictures and statuary has a pharisaical contempt for her sister in whom the very same beauty-seeking temperament finds its expression in the love of soft refinement and glittering jewels. If we could only remember not to ask fruit of rose bushes, or flowers in a vegetable garden, but to be satisfied that each should bring forth after its kind, we might grow charitable.

At Auburn, N. Y., each convict in the state prison costs the state for his support but 154 cents a day. And this shows how cheap a man could live—if he tried.

A woman in Cincinnati raises 48 inches of hair on her head every three years, and then she sells it. Supposing that she lives to be 70 years of age she will raise, allowing her 51 years of the 70 to do this business in, 17 of these crops of hair, amounting in all to 80 feet of the hair's adornment.

The war has been carried into Africa, Oho Jumbo has gone on an expedition against Ja. Ja.

Whatever may be justly said against war, says a recent writer, no one can deny that a manly death in the service of a national cause is a great testimony to the disinterestedness and nobility of human nature, and of its superiority to selfish fears.

A New York paper opposed the nomination of Horace Greeley for Governor, because that gentleman "would not look well on horse-back at the head of a military staff at a brigade review."

The New York Express tells of a physician in Maine who contracted the habit of chewing tobacco forty years ago. He has at various times abstained from its use entirely, from two to six months at a time, but in every instance he has been driven back to the weed by unmistakable indications of decay of the chest, which usually pass off in a week or two after the resumption of the habit. Not everybody however has so good a reason for using tobacco.

Mayville has procured an iron cage and set it up on her Court-House steps. She is now ready to exhibit any of her young men who will occasionally insist upon going wild. This is a piece of police strategy which has been tried at several points in Kentucky with marked effect.

The Florida mosquito, blown over, for the first time, this season, and in swarms, too, to the English coast, was taken, in that country, for a new species of snipe.

There are eight or nine pin factories in Connecticut. One of them turns out 6,000,000 of pins per day, or 2,191,000,000 per year. If the others make an equal number, the annual product of the article in that State, is 10,710,000,000. More remote than ever appears the answer to the query:— "What becomes of all the pins manufactured?"

A New England spinner, who went out to Nevada, about a year ago, writes home that she has already "a husband and a pair of twins, and hasn't really got acquainted yet."

The first shot fired upon Saarbrück was by the Prince Imperial. The Prussians have therefore christened the hill where the contest raged, "Lulu-berg." Lulu being the sobriquet he is known by.

The Atlanta Era says, that "our young men hold unsettled opinions on the subject of religion, and none at all respecting literary questions; but when you go to black dress coats, cravats, and waistcoats, you will find their views on these vital matters fixed with all the rigid tenacity of grim death itself."

A Western paper says that a farmer cut his throat on account of the severe and protracted drought, and that they buried him in a pelting rain-storm, which lasted twenty-four hours.

A gang of swindlers is operating very successfully in the interior of Ohio in a very extraordinary way. One of the three composing the gang drives to a town and makes anxious inquiries if two men, whom he describes, have been seen. They have not. He then proceeds to dispose of the horse and buggy he has for a horse of much less value. He then hastens off with his horse, and soon after the other two appear. They inquire earnestly for No. 1, describing him, and learn that he has just traded a horse and buggy for a horse. They desire to see the horse and buggy, and immediately recognize the property as theirs—which, being delivered to them, they afterward re-deliver to their confederates, and so the swindle goes on from town to town.

The Red River Expedition reached Fort Gary on August 24, and took possession of the place. Donald Smith, who accompanied the expedition, has taken possession of the Hudson Bay Company's property. It is stated that private parties have applied for warrants against members of the late provisional government.

The recent fire in Canada travelled across the fields in some cases at the rate of a mile in five minutes.

It is mentioned as a most curious fact, that Baron Von Moltke, in his long life of war, has never commanded a regiment in the field.

In 1852 Minnesota imported wheat for home consumption. This year the area sown was one million acres, and the crop fifteen million bushels.

A correspondent at Madrid writes that a committee of Republicans called on Prim, and demanded that Spain make common cause with France, and declare a Republic. Prim refused, and is taking measures against the Republican movement. He has at Madrid sixty pieces of artillery and 24,000 men.

It is related, that at the battle of Warth, an officer of cuirassiers had his head carried off by a ball. Notwithstanding the body remained upright for a short time, and for about one hundred yards the decapitated horseman appeared as if he was charging the enemy.

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A Paris correspondent of one of the London papers has adopted an ingenious device to keep himself out of trouble. He carries about his person a paper on which is pasted his photograph, with the following certificate from the War Office written beneath:—"This is to certify that M—, (whose likeness appears above), is well known to the writer, and is not a Prussian spy."

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

## A Melic.

Old Joe Watson was a survivor of the Revolution. At least, Joe always said so, and no one over thought of disputing what Joe said. The stories he used to tell of his own exploits were truly wonderful, and it seems strange to me at this distance of time that he never got into Congress, or the biographical dictionary, or had himself canonized, all of which, I suppose, mean about the same thing. Joe had an old gun which he considered a sacred relic. It went through the Revolution with him, was in all his battles, was at his shoulder by day and by his side at night, till Joe and the old gun had become one and inseparable, in war and in peace, and bid fair to continue through the remainder of Joe's mortal life. Whenever there was a muster, a town meeting, a cattle-show, a political convention, or an indignation meeting, Joe was sure to be there, and the old gun was on exhibition. He could always raise a crowd, who would listen to his yarn, with eyes and ears and mouth wide open to catch the last syllable of Joe's wisdom. Indeed, I have the impression that some corner of every training-field or other public ground was always set apart by the authorities for Joe and his crowd. On one occasion Joe wasted eloquence. He was the hero of a thousand fights. The old Don's charge on the windmill was nothing in comparison, and the old gun went up in the market one hundred per cent. But every thing earthly has an end. When Joe made a full stop from mere exhaustion, Sam Pickles, a wicked-looking chap, who had elbowed to the front of the crowd, desired to make a few remarks. Sam said he had heard a good deal about that old gun, and he had no doubt it had been in peril by day and by night, by land and by sea. It was an ugly-looking piece, and evidently meant mischief. But it seemed to Sam that the stock did not look quite old enough to have seen much of the Revolution.

"Well, well," says Joe, "the fact is, the old stock got badly worn, and we had a new one made."

But Sam thought that, somehow, it appeared to him that the barrel seemed rather new for so old a gun.

"Never mind," said Joe, a little riled; "we've had a new barrel, the old one got so bad off."

But Sam thought that the look—

"Oh, never you mind about the look," said Joe; "that's new, too, but you needn't make so much fuss about so small a matter. The fact is, there's nothing left of the real old gun except the touch-hole!"

## Exceeding Expedience.

Up in Wilkesbarre, the people believe in Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," with the same kind of faith which other people have in Moses, and Noah, and Gen. Washington. Every female child that has been born in the town for fifty years has been named Gertrude, and if you go to a sewing society and call out "Gertrude," fifty women will immediately lay down their work and frisk over to the door. Ministers never inquire the name when they are called upon to baptize a girl-baby. They slash on the water and say "Gertrude" as a matter of course. The editors of papers published there keep the poem standing on the galley, and print it regularly every Saturday, and on Fourth of July and Christmas. Paragraphs of it are arranged to long in the hymn-books used in the churches, and over fifty tons of jewelry made out of Gertrude's hair are sold in the town every year. It is suicidal to doubt whether such a woman ever existed. One nun was brained on the spot, last April, because he said he didn't believe any woman ever had more than one skull, and he had seen six, all of which were attributed to Gertrude, since he entered the valley. All the oldest inhabitants say they recollect distinctly seeing her going out with a slop-bucket to the pig pen every morning, singing "Beautiful Dreamer," and any one of them will show you the identical pig that she petted. She was buried in forty-six different cemeteries, if the people of the valley are to be believed. We are so glad that she died in the last century, whose funerals were not so expensive as they are now.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

## A Conditional Reconciliation.

"My dear Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Brown, "come near to my bedside; I am dying, and I wish to say a few words to you." "Yes, ma'am," sighed Mrs. Jones. "Well, Mrs. Jones," ejaculated Mrs. Brown, "you and I have had a good many tiffs in our day, and now I part with you in peace; can you forgive me?" "Yes, ma'am," sobbed Mrs. Jones. "Indeed, indeed I can!" "Am I forgiven?" ejaculated Mrs. Brown. "Yes, ma'am," responded Mrs. Jones, with difficulty, in consequence of the intensity of her anguish; and then she attempted to weep her way out of the dying woman's room. "Stop a moment, my dear Mrs. Jones," said the expiring Brown; "I've another word to say. I wish to have it understood that if I get well everything goes back, and we stand on the same old ground."

## A Compliment.

The Bishop preached. The congregation subsequently requested his Lordship to publish his sermon. His Lordship was delighted. "And so," said he, with jocular affability to the Senior Churchwarden, "the people were very much pleased?" "Oh," replied the official, "our folks would like to know summat about it; and—"

"Ah!" interposed the Bishop, complacently. "I see they'd like to read it at home."

"Well, your Lordship, that's just what they would like; 'cos—" (here he paused, and then added, confidentially) "it was very hot weather, you see, and so—when your Lordship was preachin' they were all asleep!"—*London Punch.*

## An Extra Charge.

A clergyman in a certain town in Massachusetts, having occasion to call in the services of a brother minister, tendered to him at the close of the day the usual fee for preaching, which, in those days (it was before the war), was ten dollars. Such a sum for such work was then thought good pay. But on this occasion the man seemed slow to take it, and finally said, while putting it in his pocket-book—

"I talked to the Sunday-school nearly half an hour; and, besides, I had some conversation with an impatient slumber on the steps of the church, and I thought fifty cents more would be about right."

The extra charge seemed reasonable, even before the war, when half a dollar had some "purchase" to it, and was readily paid.



## IGNORANT TOURISTS.

LANDLORD (in a village where they take no papers, and are behind the times generally): "Ice! gentlemen? There ain't no ice in summer time. But it's easy to see you are guests from the city, as you don't know much about Nature, and I don't blame you for it, in course. But, ice is August!"

## A Cerebrant Judge.

Judge K—, of North Carolina, is a great stickler for forms. One day a soldier, who had been battered considerably in the war, was brought in as a witness. The Judge told him to hold up his right hand.

"Can't do it, sir," said the man.

"Why not?"

"Got a shot in that arm, sir."

"Then hold up your left."

The man said that he had got a shot in that arm too.

"Then," said the Judge, sternly, "you must hold up your leg. No man can be sworn, sir, in this court by law unless he holds up something."

## DEVOTION TO BUSINESS.—Speaking of

the American's devotion to business, we have this:—

A New York merchant who for six years had left his home at 6 A. M., not returning until 8 P. M., after his children were in bed, was aroused on a Sunday afternoon, from a nap on the sofa, by the voice of a child crying out, "Ma, ma! quick! there's a man in the dining-room!"

Didn't know his own father!

A SQUARE.—A story is told of a Cambridge professor in England, who was asked to call on a friend in London, an address being given in a certain square. Some time afterward the professor was asked by his friend why he had not been to see him, and his answer was—

"I did come, but there was some mistake. You told me you lived in a square, and I found myself in a parallelogram, and so I went away again."

## Praying for Rain.

The long drought of this summer, says the Congregationalist, recalls some of the quaint, and, as we should think in these days, over-familiar expressions of our fathers when praying for rain.

In 1821, a great company were travelling in a stage coach from Albany to Niagara Falls. Rev. Jedediah Moore, Hon. Edward Everett, Colonel F. H. Perkins, and Chandler Starr, Esq., with Mrs. Starr, made up the party. The dry weather of that season called from Mr. Moore the following anecdote:—

A Cape Cod clergyman one Sabbath had prayed most earnestly for rain. He entreated the Lord to "uncork the bottles of Heaven and send down the refreshing showers." The drought had lasted through August and a part of September; Tuesday morning the fine storm began, and continued with great violence till Friday, flooding the country and sweeping off bridges in all directions. Saturday night it set in to rain again, and Sabbath morning it was still pouring down. This time the prayer was answered as follows: "O Lord, we recently took occasion to entreat Thee to uncork the bottles of Heaven and send down the refreshing showers; but we did not mean that the corks should be thrown away." Mr. Starr followed with a story of "Parson Howe," of Milton, Conn. On a similar occasion, if not during the same drought, he petitioned for relief in these words: "O Lord, we want rain very much. The rye is suffering prodigiously. Of corn, we shall not have half a crop. As for the potatoes, it is all up with them; and there's that grass of Descon Comstock's, it is as red as a fox's tail."

## The Name of Farragut.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post says: "The late Admiral Farragut told me that his name was a corruption of Ferruccio, an old Major's nobility name. He found a Countess Ferruccio in Paris, who treated him as a cousin."

Farragut, or Ferruccio (sharp-sword) or, as Aristotle calls him, Ferran, was one of the heroes of mediæval romance, bearing with "Roland brave and Olivier, and, like them, changing his name with the language or dialect in which it was celebrated."

He was, in story, a Saracen knight, and among his other exploits he fought with Roland for the fair Angelica, who escaped from both while they were fighting, and, after losing his helmet and vowing that he would thereafter wear none but Orlando's (or Roland's) own, he accidentally found that motion in the scum and lost his life in the endeavor to keep it against its owner.

## NOT PARTED.

They are not parted, though their feet have wandered far in different ways; And though they nevermore may meet

On winter eves or summer days; It matters not though realms divide,

Though boundless seas between them roll, For still, defying wind and tide,

Heart yearns to heart, and soul to soul.

They are not parted—only those Are parted whom no love unites; Their absence breaks not our repose,

Who have no share in our delights; They may be by our side, and still

As far from us as pole from pole, Who lack the sympathetic thrill

Of heart to heart, and soul to soul.

## The Brave and the Fair.

The following interesting narrative, which appeared in a letter from Saarbrück, was written by the London Daily News correspondent the day before the French occupied that town:—"A young and thriving merchant of Saarbrück was to have been married at Saarbrück to a young lady from Schleis on the 16th of July. On that morning came the telegraphic order of mobilization. The train carried off the bridegroom a quarter of an hour before the time fixed for the marriage. He, like thousands of other men of an equally good position in life, took his place as a private in his regiment—the 40th Hohenzollern—and cheerfully arranged with his bride that the marriage should take place as soon as his battalion reached Saarbrück. He would then go off to the war and she would return, as his wife, to her home. The bride came yesterday with her brother to Saarbrück. He had the pleasure of walking up with them this afternoon to watch the battalion in which the bridegroom was to appear pass from the highroad into the bivouac-field. The bridegroom, who was there in the thick of the helmeted stream, ran from the ranks, and kissed his bride with German fervor. The men marching past looked at them with sympathetic admiration, but with no sign of wonder, much less of coarse derision. Then the bridegroom ran on to the place he had left, and the bride went to an officer and begged a few hours leave for her bridegroom, that they might be married. The officer, of course, was only too glad to listen to such a request from the lips of such an applicant, and escorted the bride to the colonel of the regiment, from whom leave had to be obtained. We saw the bride with dark eyes more expressive than ever, and a shadow of apprehension over her broad forehead—not too German for perfect beauty—repeating her request to the colonel and winning from his lips of discipline the gentlest answer. The bridegroom was sent off on leave till mid-day to-morrow. The marriage will be a few hours earlier. I do not think that any Englishman could have witnessed the scene without the thought crossing him that it implied such a society in the army and such a noble simplicity of life as we in England have not yet learnt even to aspire to. How extraordinary, how outer, would it seem in England if we were told that a gentleman serving as a private in the army ran from the ranks and kissed his bride, and that the bride went up before half the regiment to the officers and made the request which I have recorded! And what would be the behaviour of the men who saw it take place? If it excited admiration it would be for the singularity and novelty of the thing; in Germany it was perfectly natural, and I mention it not because it caused no surprise and no embarrassment to any one; because it shows what is the tone of the German army in which men of all ranks serve side by side, and how simple and natural society is in comparison to everything that we are accustomed to in England. To assure you this is no romance I give, with the approbation of the bride and bridegroom, the names of both. The bride is Fraulein Angelika Henning, born in Schleis, in Central Germany; the bridegroom, Herr August Britz, born in Saarbrück."

How TO LEARN.—Never forget what a man has said to you when he was angry. If he has charged you with anything, you had better look it up. A person has often been startled from a pleasant dream of self-deception by the words of an angry man, who may wish his words unaided the next hour, but they are past recall. The wisest course is to take home this lesson, with meekness, to our souls. It was a saying of Socrates, that every man had need of a faithful friend and a bitter enemy; the one to advise, and the other to show him his faults.

The whole town of St. Cloud, Minn., recently turned out to hunt the only rat ever seen north of Minneapolis.

## AGRICULTURAL.

## The Carriage Horse.

The typical carriage-horse was well shown by John Leech, in some of his drawings for "Punch." Its most important condition is a large infusion of thorough blood. Such an animal is rather less than fat; tall, muscular, and active. Its coat is thin and glossy; its mane and tail not too abundant, the hair being straight or slightly waving, and of the texture of silk. The pastern-joints, instead of carrying a cart-horse's tuft, that require constant clipping, are naturally clean and smooth. The hoofs are large and well formed, and neither too flat nor too steep, though this is a point over which breeding has perhaps less control than over any other, indicating that it has received less attention than more conspicuous features. The legs of such an animal are short below the knees and hocks, are broad, as viewed from the side, and thin, as seen from the front or rear. The knee and hock joints themselves are large and bony, and free from puff and bony excrescences. The legs above these joints are long, the longer the better; and the various muscles and sinews are clearly defined under the soft skin. The shoulders are very sloping, and the withers rise well into the hollow of the saddle. The back is short from the withers to the top of the hip, and long from here to the root of the tail, which is set on level with the spine, and naturally carried well up when the animal is in motion. The neck is long and muscular, but by no means thick or fat, and its crest is high and thin. In its natural position, without the help of the check reins, it should be nearly if not quite level for eight or ten inches back from the ears. The ears themselves are long, thin, and active; the head small and the nostrils large. A pair of such horses standing from 15 to 16 hands high, reasonably young, free from important defects, and well broken, could probably be readily sold for \$10,000 (?) If they were as plenty as they might be, they would still bring a fourth of that price. Such horses need no check-reins to keep their heads in position. The conformation of the shoulders, neck and crest secures this. Such a horse's head is perfectly and evenly balanced in a position that we cannot hope to attain by any amount of checking and martingaling with the ordinary carriage-horses of the day. Every movement that such a horse takes is graceful and strong; his whole appearance indicates intelligence and nervous vigor. He cannot be ungainly and he cannot be dull. He may or may not be fast. For carriage use this is of minor consequence. What is wanted first of all, is style, and a stylish action in moving heavy loads, which only great natural strength and vigor can make possible.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

## To Raise Giant Asparagus.

A writer in one of the early volumes of the Horticulturist (Mr. Downing, we believe) tells how to grow common asparagus, so that it will always rival any giant production. He says: "Every one who has seen my beds has begged me for the seed, thinking it a new sort, but I have pointed to the manure heap, the farmer's best bank, and told them the secret all lay there. The seed was only such as might be had in every garden. About the 1st of November, as soon as the frost has well blackened the asparagus tops, I take a syringe and mow all close down to the surface of the bed; let it lie a day or two, then set fire to the heap of stalks; burn it to ashes, and spread the ashes, over the bed. I then go to my barnyard; I take a load of clean, fresh stable manure, and add thereto half a bushel of hen dung, turning over and mixing the whole together throughout. This makes a pretty powerful compost. I apply one such load to every twenty feet in length of my asparagus beds, which are six feet wide. With a strong three-pronged spud or fork I dig this dressing under. The whole is now left for the winter."

"In the spring, as early as possible, I turn the top of the bed over lightly once more. Now, as the asparagus grows naturally on the side of the ocean, and loves salt water, I give it an annual supply of its favorite condiment. I cover the surface of the bed about a quarter of an inch thick with fine packing salt: it is not too much. As the spring rains come down, it gradually dissolves. Not a weed will appear during the whole season. Everything else, pigweed, chickweed, purslane, all refuse to grow on the top of my briny asparagus beds. But it would do your eyes good to see the strong, stout, tender stalks of the vegetable itself, pushing through the surface early in the season. I do not at all stretch a point when I say that they are often as large round as my big handle, and as tender and succulent as any I ever tasted. The same round of treatment is given to my bed every year."

## Water for Animals.

For humanity's sake as well to the watering places for cattle, for in sunny small ponds a master cow will take her fill, and then stand up to her knees and hocks for hours, preventing the greater part of the herd from drinking, and in shallow streams, running but a short distance to a field, much injury may occur because many of the weaker cattle cannot take their turn to drink till the water is made muddy. Doubtless if the origin of many diseases could be traced, they would be found to run back to the injury sustained by the constitution in suffering for want of water in hot and dry weather.—*Country Gentleman.*

## The Ramic Plant.

Some of the planters in the South are not pleased with the Ramic plant. A southern planter writes that he has had some experience with Ramic, and has watched others who have had more, and he has several friends who would be glad to sell all the Ramic roots they have got, "and the probability is they would be glad to pay somebody to get the 'damned things' out of the ground." He says it is true that "after the second year weeds are not much trouble, and add: 'Where it once gets a good grip on a piece of land that will be trouble enough for any planter who tries it as a 'spiced experiment.' I don't know a man who has got Ramic roots who wouldn't be glad to sell them.'

The new \$500 legal tender notes are to bear a vignette of John Quincy Adams.

The English is said to be one of the most difficult languages for a foreigner to learn. Recently a foreign lady went to see a fine boy baby, and in endeavoring to express her admiration said—"Oh my, what a nice fat babe! How fat she is, don't he?"

## THE RIDDLES.

## Enigma.

I am composed of 18 letters.  
My 1, 3, is a preposition.  
My 2, 17, 9, is an active little insect.  
My 3, 11, 8, 13, is not far off.  
My 4, 16, 15, is an animal.  
My 5, 15, is a pronoun.  
My 6, 11, 13, denotes affirmation.  
My 7, 2, 17, is useful in hot weather.  
My 8, 3, 4, is a conjunction.  
My 9, 10, 13, 14, 16, is an adverb.  
My 10, 13, 1, 12, is an appendage of the skin.  
My 11, 13, 9, is what all living creatures do.  
My 12, 1, 4, 15, is what boys like to do.  
My 13, 14, 9, is cunning, skill.  
My 14, 6, 18, is a kind of grain.  
My 15, 13, 18, is an adverb.  
My 16, 3, 11, is a number.  
My 17, 16, 8, 10, is a man's name.  
My 18, 1, 9, 10, 15, 12, is an adjective.  
My whole is a verse from the New Testament.  
Honeytown, Ind.  
PHILIP.

## Double Rebuz.

An adage.  
A term in Geometry.  
An adjective.  
A country in Asia.  
A city in Asia Minor.  
A river in Bohemia.  
A chain of mountains in the state of New York.  
My initials form the name of a first-class European power, and my finale that of its Prime Minister.  
ALECK.

## Biophantine Problem.

Find three positive integral numbers, the product of any two of which, when diminished by unity, shall be a square.  
ARTEMAS MARTIN.  
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.  
An answer is requested.

## Problem.

Five years ago Henry invested some money in a profitable business, which yielded unto him yearly one-third of its stock profit; but of which gained profit he yearly spent a certain sum. The remainder of that increase, together with the former stock, he yearly invested again in the same business, and with the same ratio of increase, spending the same, and proceeding. Now at the end of said 5 years it is found that he now has \$1,897.83 less than if he had spent nothing of this his yearly increase. The question is, what was the original capital?  
DANIEL DIFENBACH.  
Kraterville, Snyder Co., Pa.  
An answer is requested.

## Conundrums.

What is it that nobody wants, yet nobody likes to lose? Ans.—A lawsuit.

Why is a Chinaman with a twisted tail, like the ghost in Hamlet? Ans.—Because he could a tail unfold.

What musical instrument invites you to fish? Ans.—Castalet.

What trees flourish best upon the hearth? Ans.—Ashes.

Why is a dog biting his tail like a good manager? Ans.—Because he makes both ends meet.

Why must the spring time be a painful time of year to the sky-lark? Ans.—Because the poets say it makes the poor bird soar.

## Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—"Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." ENIGMA.—One cup of milk, one of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, and four of eggs. CHARADE—(Tea.) (cup.) Teacup.

## RECEIPTS.

CANNING PEACHES.—The plan of preserving fruits by simply excluding the air, has become so universal, and the process so well understood by most people, that a word in regard to the *modus operandi* seems almost superfluous. However, as the season for canning that most delicious of all fruits, the peach, will soon be upon us, we venture a few suggestions that may perhaps aid to the pleasure and lighten the labor of some. New tin cans are not objectionable for canning peaches, especially if sugar is added in sufficient quantity to render them ready for the table. Fruit is never so good kept in tin cans that have been used more than one season. Hence we prefer glass cans, which, by exercising care in canning and storing, we have always found to be the cheapest in the long run.

The Little Hero is our favorite glass can; though a can that would preserve the fruit free from contact with any metallic substance would be preferable. We understand that such cans are in the market now, made similar to the Little Hero, with a glass cap, instead of a metallic one, that screws down on a rubber band, making it air tight. By observing the following rules we have never lost a can by putting into them hot fruit. First, clean the cans thoroughly and place them side down in a boiler containing cold water enough to cover them, put it on the stove and allow it to boil. When the fruit is ready, take them out one at a time, set them on a folded wet towel on the table or in a pan of hot water, and fill them immediately.

In selecting peaches for canning care should be taken to select those that are firm, for the reason that they are much finer flavored, and are more easily and nicely prepared than soft ones. We prefer good solid olives, and, if we have plenty of cans, we preserve them whole, for the sake of the fine flavor that the seed imparts. If, however, it is necessary to economize space, we cut them off and throw a few seeds in each can. We always remove the skin preparatory to canning, by means of strong ley, instead of a knife; take a pot of strong ley made from wood ashes, or, what is more convenient, concentrated ley, heat it nearly to boiling, drop as many peaches into it as you can stir about well, let them remain a minute or two, or until the skin begins to slip, then dip them out into a bucket or tub of clean cold water and rub them with the hands. The skin may be removed in this way without the least injury to the fruit, in fact, the natural delicate blush of the peach is not even destroyed by the process. Fruit should be cooked thoroughly done before being canned, though not boiled to pieces.